

# BEATITUDE



NUMBER 17



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BEATITUDE #17

Oct-Nov, 1960

35¢ a copy

Bruce Lippincat	St. Jacques Kanook
Ellen Ginsboig	Lenore Scandale
Phil Whale	Bob Kifman
Mac Lure	L. Foolingheppi
Gregoire de Corse	M. Margoolash
Jack Slicer	David Melter
Diana Shrewtop	Clayton Echelon
Leroi	
+ Pablo Neruda	

The Bread and Wine Mission (recent publisher of BEATITUDE) is closed, and the Reverend Delattre escaped, so this issue creeps into light from the underground caves of City Lights bookstore through whose subterranean passages some of the original Beatitude editors may still be reached. They, however, will not answer correspondence except by publishing it\* and MANUSCRIPTS WILL NOT BE RETURNED even if accompanied by the usual return-postage scene. (The stamps will be unlicked and used for evil purposes.)

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\*Dear Editor: When I hear the word BEATITUDE I think of a floating crapgame. You can have it and please tell subscribers the reason the last two issues weren't sent is that they frinked too much to make the mails. The poems frinked, I mean. Two or three poets were frinking something in that last issue.... However, you have more of a frinking reputation with the P.O. than I do...  
---Pedro Delattre

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CITY LIGHTS BOOKS  
San Francisco  
C 1960

ABOMNEWSCAST.....EVERY CENTURY.....ON THE HOUR.....

AMERICA COLLIDES WITH ICEBERG PILOTED BY LINDBERG BABY.....  
AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON FORMER DICTATOR OF CALIFORNIA  
DISCOVERED IN VODOO NUNNERY DISGUISED AS MOBY DICK.....  
NEW HIT SONG SWEEPING THE COUNTRY...THE LEOPOLD & LOEB  
CHA CHA CHA.....PONTIUS PILATE LOSES NO-HITTER ON AN ERROR,  
LEAGUE SPLIT OVER SCORERS DECISION...HEBREW FIREBALLER  
OUT FOR SEASON WITH INJURED HANDS.....CIVILIAN DEFENSE  
HEADQUARTERS UNVEILS NEW BOMB-SHELTER WITH TWO CAR  
GARAGE, COMPLETE WITH INDOOR PATIO & BARBEQUE UNIT THAT  
OPERATES ON RADIOACTIVITY, COMES IN DECORATOR COLORS, NO  
DOWN PAYMENTS FOR VETS...TO BE SOLD ONLY TO THOSE  
WILLING TO SIGN LOYALTY OATH.....FOREST LAWN CEMETERY  
OPENS NEW SUBDIVISIONS OF SPLIT LEVEL TOMBS FOR MIDDLE  
INCOME GROUP.....PRESIDENT INAUGURATES NEW POLICY OF  
AGGRESSIVE LEADERSHIP...DECLARES DECEMBER 25 CHRISTMAS  
DAY.....POPE MAY ALLOW PRIEST TO MARRY...SAID TO BE  
AIMING AT ONE BIG HOLY FAMILY.....NORMAN ROCKWELL COVER,  
THE LYNCHING BEE, FROM "POST" AMERICANA SIERIES WINS  
D.A.R. AMERICANISM AWARD.....RUSSIANS SAID TO BE COPYING  
T.V. FORMAT WITH FRONTIER EPIC FILMED IN BERLIN...NEW  
SERIES: "HAVE H BOMB, WILL TRAVEL"...SORT OF NUCLEAR  
WAGON TRAIN FEATURING THE MOISIEYEV DANCERS.....RED  
CHINA CUTS BIRTH-RATE DRASTICALLY...BLESSED EVENTS  
PLUMMET TO TWO HUNDRED MILLION A YEAR.....CUBANS  
SIEZE CUBA...OUTRAGED U.S. ACTS QUICKLY...CUTS OFF TOUR-  
IST QUOTA...ADMINISTRATION INTRODUCES BILL TO CONFIN ALL  
RHUMBA BANDS TO DETENTION CAMPS DURING EMERGENCY.....  
HOLLYWOOD PREMIERES TECHNICOLOR FILM BIOGRAPHY OF  
WERNER VON BRAUN, NEW BOY SCOUT IDOL, MOVIE DEPICTS LIFE  
OF YANKEE SPACE IDOL, POETICALLY TITLED "I AIM AT THE  
STARS"...WIDE SCREEN...SEQUEL TO WORLD WAR TWO GERMAN  
FILM BIOGRAPHY OF VERNER VON BRAUN, HITLER YOUTH IDOL,  
POETICALLY TITLED "I AIM AT THE BRITISH KINDERGARTENS"...  
...BOTH SIDES IN COLD WAR STOCKPILING ATOMIC MISSLES TO  
PRESERVE PEACE...END OF MANKIND SEEN IF PEACE IS DECLARED  
...UN. SEES ENCOURAGING SIGNS IN SMALL WAR POLICY, WORKS  
QUIETLY FOR WIDER PARTICIPATION AMONG BACKWARD NATIONS  
.....END OF NEWS.....REMEMBER YOUR NATIONAL  
EMERGENCY SIGNAL, WHEN YOU SEE ONE SMALL MUSHROOM  
CLOUD AND THREE LARGE ONES...IT IS NOT A DRILL...TURN  
THE T.V. OFF AND GET...UNDER IT...FOREGOING SPONSORED BY  
YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD ABOMUNIST...TUNE IN NEXT...  
WORLD.....

\_\_\_\_BOMKAUFMAN

CRY FOR BROWNSVILLE

I smelled a memory in San Francisco.

Soon I remembered Herzl Street

where we played kick the can

and stole Baby Ruths

from Sol's Candy store on Pitkin.

And Irving Fingerman

with the red pimples on his ass

explaining the miracle of masturbation.

Remember the house on Herzl?

Where garbage was your garden.

Waves of lotkes, garlic and grease

befouled those three rooms.

Smells of poverty inflamed the Friday walls,

whenever momma lit the licht.

Each day of the week had an odor

peculiar to that meal.

All lingering

behind every crack in the plaster.

Smells erupting from the warehouse under your floor

were artifacts of dinners

cooked by Rosenfelds, Brodskys and Kaplins

previous Jews in apt. 3K.

It was a smell shouting, "Jew you're a Jew,"

Even when you hid from it under the bed.

From the geranium pot on the fire escape

next to the empties.

And forever Jew with the words,

"Mordechai bring me please

a seltzer water from the icebox."

And remember the house on Herzl Street?

I could fill a chalice with tears

in such a memory.

Then they said, "Forget you're a Jew."

Forget poppa farts at the dinner table.

Forget bubeh was burned into fertilizer at Dachau.

But what do they know about us on Herzl?

What do they know of people in heat?

If I forget thee Herzl Street.

There in the foreskin of my memory,

I am a Jew.

When I take it out in the john

in Modesto or Guadalajara,

I am a Jew.

When I sing of love with it,

I am a Jew.

A Jew wrapped inside of a Jew.

If I forget.

Thee.

Uncircumcize me.

Herzl Street where I nearly became.

--M. Margolis

Laughing Gas

1

To Gary Snyder

The red tin begging cup you gave me,  
I lost it but its contents are undisturbed.

High on Laughing Gas  
I've been here before  
the odd vibration of  
the same old universe

the nasal whine of the dentist's drill  
singing against the nostalgic  
piano Muzak in the wall  
insistent, familiar, entering  
the teeth, where've I heard that  
asshole jazz before?

The universe is a void  
in which there is a dreamhole  
The dream disappears  
the hole closes

It's the instant of going  
into or coming out  
of existence that is  
important--to catch on  
to the secret of the magic  
box

Stepping outside the universe  
by means of Nitrous Oxide  
anesthetizing mind-consciousness

the chilicosm was an impersonal dream--  
one of many, being mere dreams.

the sadness of birth  
and death, the sadness of  
changing from dream to dream,  
the constant farewell  
of forms...  
saying ungoodby to what  
didn't exist

The many worlds that don't exist  
all which seem real  
all joke  
all lost cartoon

At that moment the whole goofy-spooky of the Universe  
WHAT?! Joke Being slips into Nothing like the tail of  
a lizard disappearing into a crack in the Wall with the  
final receding eyehole ending Loony Tunes accompanied  
by Woody Woodpecker's hindoo maniac laughter in the  
skull. Nobody gets hurt. They all disappear. They were  
never there. Beginningless perfection.

That's why Satori's accompanied by laughter  
and the Zenmaster rips up the Sutras in fury.

And the pain of this contrariety  
The cycles of scream and laughter  
faces and asses Christs and Buddhas  
each with his own universe dragged  
over the snowy mental poles  
like a sack mad Santa Clauses  
worst pain in the dentist's chair comes true  
novacain also arrives in the cycle  
every hap will have its chance  
even God will come Once or Twice  
Satan will be my personal enemy

Relax and die--  
The process will repeat itself  
Be Born! Be Born!  
Back to the same old smiling  
dentist--

The Bloomfield police car  
with its idiot red light  
revolving on its head  
balefully at Eternity--  
gone in an instant  
--simultaneous  
appearance of Bankrobbers  
at the Twentieth Century Bank  
The fire engines screaming  
toward an old lady's  
burned-in-her-bedroom  
today apocalypse  
tomorrow  
Mickey Mouse cartoons--

I'm disgusted! it's Unbelievable!  
What a funny horrible  
dirty joke!  
The whole universe a shaggy dog story!  
with a wierd ending that begins again  
till you get the point  
"It was a dark and gloomy night..."  
"in every direction in and  
out"

"You take the high road  
and I'll take the low"  
-- everybody lost  
in Scotlands of mind-consciousness--

Adonai Echad!  
It is not One, but Two,  
not two but Infinite--  
the universe be born and die  
in endless series in the mind!

Gary Snyder, Jack, thou Zens  
split open existence  
and laugh & Cry--  
what's shock? what's measure?  
when the Mind's an irrational  
traffic light in  
Gobi--

What's the use avoiding rats  
and horror, hiding from Cops  
and dentist's drills?  
Somebody will invent  
a Buchenwald next door  
--an ant's dream's  
funnier than  
ours  
--he has more of them  
faster and seems  
to give less of  
a shit--

O waves of probable  
and improbable  
Universes--  
Everybody's right.

I'll finish this poem  
in my next life.

--Allen Ginsberg

(There are four more parts to this poem, to appear  
in succeeding issues of Beatitude.) --ed.



from BOOK OF DREAMS\*:

EXCUSING MYSELF FROM DINNER I rush up to make a  
scheduled phone call----The colored girl is watching me  
from her bedroom door---as soon as I finish the call  
I rush into her room and we wrasse and love & soon  
she's on my lap black and naked & I'm working up---then  
I turn her over to her back & we work---ecstatically,  
madly, gladly---I wonder what the people downstairs  
will think of my long "phonecall"---

---Jack Kerouac

\*to be published in November by City Lights

from DARK BROWN\*

OH WHY OH WHY THE BLASTED LOVE THE HUGE SHAPE CHANGE? OH WHY  
the tortured hand when clouds are down? I love  
your lips and hands and legs. Your backbone line,  
your breasts. The movement of your face and move  
from them now. Oh why the words of lies above. Oh why the shape  
change of movement, energy? when I will return to you  
Oh awkward Love awkward, I love your  
fingertips. Oh black  
and sorrowed night. Oh mother and child.  
Must I learn new love anew. No  
choice! Are we joined forever  
or is that lies! I remember  
love in darkness and feel of flesh. Oh  
CHANGE

No ease to truth. I half admit it.

---Michael McClure

\*great love book, may soon be published clandestinely... --ed.

## FOR MY FATHER

Being a modest man, you wanted  
Expected an ordinary child  
& here's this large inscrutable object,

## ME

(Buddha's mother dreamed of a white elephant:  
My mother. . .)

Cross between a camera & a press  
Turning itself into many printed pages  
Heavy, a dust collector, nearly impossible to get off your hands  
Whatever it was, not an actual child

You recognize parts of the works  
Ones you may have donated. . . what are they doing?  
Flywheel spinning two directions  
Walking-beam turning camshafts producing  
Material like this  
Worth money sometimes to folks in New York--or not,  
Nobody knows why

--Philip Whalen

## I GIVE UP

I hate the morning I hate the night  
Lie down & die tell me some more  
Don't go to sleep don't leave me alone

The dreams: of changes, suffocation  
Loss of speech, pursuit by monsters  
Endless logical argument

Awake & watching you sleep is worse  
The stores are closed no buses run  
Homicidal maniacs prowl the suburbs

The happy phantom of my greatness wakes  
& grabs this pen  
Leaves a heap of used-up words to read

After a morning dream of music

--Philip Whalen

## RIDE

Years spent  
denying my birth,  
my mother. My mother  
of barbed wire, bleached  
hair, piston  
tongue thrust  
behind each song. Years  
shrunk my father, yellowed  
his flesh, his mouth  
shut tight on missing teeth.  
Years spent  
denying my sister  
to crawl in my bed,  
comfort me. Eyes  
beneath the blanket, tongues  
without words. Years  
gone, home  
gone, shapes  
lost.

Pass by  
towns beneath the trestle. Brief  
peek into a lit room: hands  
on cup on oilcloth tabletop.  
Bus going down  
the dark street

--David Meltzer

\* \* \* \* \*

"When I hear the word BEATITUDE  
I reach for my ....."

--Diana Drilling

## ON THE ACROPOLIS

Temporal on the Acropolis I sat  
Amid Time's slow but sure stonepecker,  
Hearing pierced October cry ace old  
While the Four Winds yellraked  
Flakes of petrified snow.

I'd the sight of ecru-shredded Nike  
Coiled in full fossily  
--Her breathing gown, her ever-loose sandal.  
I'd the haycocking sunset;  
Earth's texture spreading away,  
And the Caryatids stood in air  
Pedimenting the sky,  
And about them auroa and amber,  
Like silken clarions, grappled for dominacy.

How endowed with dream-love  
Was I on thee, O high city!  
Proud, heartfelt, boastful that I,  
Exactly a youthtime,  
Knew to set the table of Zeus--  
The cloth, the silverware, the food thereon,  
All were laid out on a small steel table  
In a small cell.  
And now on your great expanse with age I sat  
Thanking Bullfinch and Will Durant  
Their Athena and Seated Demeter;  
Thanking all dream-giving  
For not making Olympus a place  
Where youth but serves  
And in age, feasts not.

The night was right!  
All the plugs of heaven seemed in!  
The night was black and white--  
And the moon, like a woman's breast,  
Nipped the Parthenon full.  
Quickly I moved in and out the pillars  
Like a festering ghost straight onward entwining,  
A happy Sambo tiger, a magnet heaven held--  
Breathless, I stood, moon-columned,  
And heard a Sophoclean lament below.  
The theatre was lit! And the chorus hummed forth--  
Phantoms! Phantoms in two grey ranks  
Swaying back and forth, then running up!  
As if to snatch and flee; then nimbling back,  
Mumbling and croak-syllabing an old old woe  
--All this from new lungs in a pit below.

I leaned and pressed my face against the marble and cried  
Cried for my shadow that dear sentry of my body, there,  
A goodly measure on the measureless Periclean floor.

### The Scene

Every once in a while  
Some Lady Godiva comes down the street  
Naked on some horse  
All strung out  
Some cat digs her  
Cools her.

Every once in a while  
Some hippie tells the alto player  
You sound just like Byrd  
Admiral Byrd.

Every once in a while  
A piano player comes to town  
Riding on a freight train  
Sits himself down in some lounge  
At a piano with plenty mirrors  
Over the keyboard  
Gets hung up watching his hands  
Women hanging around all speechless  
As he fades away one five a.m.  
After the bar's closed  
Leaving a tune on the piano bench  
Called Narcissus.

Every once in a while  
Some jazzlady with a purple blouse  
Hoopy gold gypsylou earrings  
Sits up front by the bandstand alone  
While the tenorplayer asks her  
With his horn softly  
Why does she bleed inside  
Every time the moon is full?

Every once in a while  
Some waitress says to a trumpetman  
You sound just like Myles  
Myles Standish

Every once in a while  
Some Christopher Columbus comes along  
In his b-flat boat  
Discovering Indians who turn him on  
With peacepipes which he takes back full  
To his queen who says  
You goofed where's the curry?

(more)--

2 the scene

Every once in a while  
Some Marco Polo sails to the Orient  
Sees pearls in the middles of foreheads  
Eats tomato beef chow mein  
Comes back with the recipe  
Which becomes  
Spaghetti and meatballs.

Every once in a while  
Some Bird comes along  
A starling kind of bird  
In winter when all the birdbaths  
Are frozen over  
And gets all stretched out on the snow  
And dies.

-Bruce Lippincott

\*

#### BUDDHA BLUES

Life is blues.  
Blues is wanting what you ain't got.  
Blues can be cured.  
Cool digging  
Cool wiggling  
Cool giggling  
Cool hipness  
Cool balling  
Cool swinging  
Cool goofing  
Cool silence  
This is the eight-fold groove.

-Bruce Lippincott

Baby listen, I am the missionary of love  
preacher of the gospel of the holy fuck, the great fuck, the good fuck  
Sweetest of all finding your way through the flesh  
burying your head in love, filling your mouth with love,  
filling your hands with love, screaming your head off with love,  
biting your teeth in love, caressing your tongue with love  
Baby, what do you want  
but the good fuck  
really

--Lenore Kandel

\* \* \* \* \*

"Fuck is a dirty word  
but it comes out clean"

--Jack Kerouac  
(Mexico City Blues)

## OVERPOPULATION

\*

I must have misunderstood something  
in this story  
There must be a misprint  
in this paper  
Hats off! it says here  
The final war is over  
Again  
Here they come again  
parading by  
the cafe terrace  
I stand on my chair to see  
I still can't see  
the brave burned hero's face  
I stand on the table  
waving my only hat  
with the hole in it  
I throw the hole away  
into the street  
after the black limousine  
I don't throw my paper  
I sit down with my paper  
which has the explanation of everything  
except there's a hole in it  
Something missing in the story  
where the hole is  
Or I must have misunderstood something  
The nations have decided  
it says here  
To abolish themselves at last  
It's been decided at the highest level  
and at the lowest level  
to return to a primitive society  
For science has conquered nature  
But nature must not be conquered  
So science must be abolished  
And machines must go  
after all their turning and turning  
The automobile is a passing thing  
After all  
The horse is here to stay

/cont/



Population has reached its limit  
There's standingroom only  
Nowhere  
to lie down  
anymore  
Sleep must be murdered again  
and medicine abolished  
so people can die  
when they're supposed to  
There's still room  
under the surface  
I keep hoping  
I have misunderstood something  
in this story  
People still lose  
and find themselves  
in bed  
and animals still  
aren't as cruel as people  
because they can't talk  
but we weren't designed  
to live forever and ever  
And design is everything  
The little enzyme they've discovered  
that causes aging  
must be lost in the body again  
All must be begun over  
in a new pastoral era  
There've been too many advances  
Life can't bear it  
any longer  
Life is not a drug  
made from mushrooms  
eaten by Samoyeds in Siberia  
which fully retain  
their intoxicating properties  
when transmitted in urine  
so that an endless line of men  
may get drunk over and over  
on the same mushroom  
a chain reaction of avid statues  
with mouths at penises  
I must have misunderstood something  
in this story  
Life is intoxicating  
but can't go on and on  
putting on more and more  
complicated clothes  
hats girdles garterbelts  
uplift bras lifting higher and higher  
until they fly away  
and breasts fall  
After all

/cont/

We've got to get naked again  
it says here  
Though fornication's still illegal  
in certain states  
I must have misunderstood something  
in this story  
The world's no Klee mobile  
And there must be an end  
to all this rotation  
around the goofball sun  
The sun in its sic transit  
barely clears the rooftops now  
bumps over a Mobilgas Pegasus  
and sinks behind my paper  
with its hole  
in which I keep hoping  
I've misunderstood something  
For Death is not the answer  
to our problem  
There must be some mistake-  
There is--  
The editorials say  
we must do something  
And we cannot do anything  
For something's missing  
where the hole is  
sitting on the terrace  
of this fancy coffeehouse  
on the left side of the world  
where I must  
have misunderstood something  
As a purple blond sweeps by  
and one too-high tit pops out  
and falls in my plate  
I return it to her  
without looking too embarrassed  
This she takes as a good sign  
She sits down  
and gives me the other  
wrapped in silk  
I go on reading my paper  
thinking I must  
have misunderstood something  
trying to look like  
it's all happened before

/cont/

It has  
It's a clay mobile  
with something missing  
where the hole is  
I look under the table and see  
our legs are intertwined  
Our two chairs fuze  
Our arms are round each other  
She's facing me  
crouched in my lap  
her legs around me  
My white snake has entered her  
Speaks of love inside of her  
She moans to hear it  
But  
something's missing  
Sex without love  
wears gay deceivers  
I still have one of her breasts  
in my hand  
The waiter comes running  
Picks up my fallen paper  
Hoping he's misunderstood something  
None of us will ever die  
As long as this goes on  
The enzyme bottle  
Lies open  
On the table

---Lawrence Ferlinghetti

\* \* \* \* \*

"When I hear the word Ferlinghetti  
I reach for my g...n".

-Jack Slicer

from RESIDENCE IN THE EARTH

RITUAL OF MY LEGS

For hours I have been staring at my long legs  
with my usual passion, with an immense curious tenderness,  
as if they were a divine woman's legs  
sunk deep into the abyss of my thorax---  
and the truth is, when time passes over the earth,  
passes, time passes over the roof and my impure head,  
and in bed at night I cannot feel  
the woman breathe who sleeps naked at my side,  
then weird and obscure things steal into her place,  
vicious and melancholy thoughts seed my bedroom,  
and then, well, I look at my legs as though,  
belonging to another body, they had been fastened  
firmly and gently to my own flesh.

Like stalks or women, adorable things,  
they ascend from my knees, cylindrical and thick,  
a roily and compact stuff,  
like the brutal heavy arms of a goddess,  
like trees monstrously dressed as human beings,  
like huge fatal lips, thirsty and silent:  
here is the best part of my body,  
pure substance with no complex system  
of senses or windpipes or intestines or ganglia---  
nothing but the sweet, the pure and heavy of my own life,  
guarding life, however, in a thorough way.

People walk through the world today  
hardly remembering they have a body and the life in it,  
there is fear, a fear of words about the body  
and so, clothes are favorably spoken of.  
It is possible to talk about pants and dresses  
and women's underwear (of hose and garters for the "senora")  
as though dresses and suits walked the streets empty  
and a dark, obscene clothes-closet had taken over the world.

Clothes, color, form and design have their existence,  
and a profound place in our myths, too much of a place:  
there is too much furniture, too many rooms in the world,  
and my body is smothered by these things,  
my mind is obsessed by slavery and chains.

Well then, my knees. Like knots,  
peculiar and functional, they dryly separate the two halves  
of my legs, and actually, two different worlds,  
two different sexes,  
are not as different as the two halves of my legs.

ritual of my legs/cont

From my knee to my foot they are hard form,  
mineral, two coldly useful mates,  
beasts of bone and endurance,  
and my ankles are nothing but naked intention,  
exact and essential, in short: ready.

Without sensuality---short and masculine---  
my calves are stocked with groups of muscles  
like complimentary animals,  
and there too is a life, a subtle and keen life,  
untempered, waiting and acting.

In my ticklish feet,  
hard as the sun and open as flowers,  
propelling and magnificent soldiers in the grey war of space,  
everything ends, life ends once and for all in my feet:  
what is alien and hostile begins there,  
names of the world, the near and remote,  
the gramatical and definitive that I have no heart for  
originate there with an unrelenting density and coldness.

Always  
manufactured things,  
always shoes and hose or simply  
infinite air comes between my feet and the earth,  
intensifying what is isolated and solitary in my being,  
something doggedly held between my life and the earth,  
something hostile and unconquerable.

--Pablo Neruda (Translated by Clayton Eshleman)

\*\*\*\*\*

Watch for the strange publication of Irish  
McBride's BEAT LEAVES OF GRASS  
(Ourhand Press; 1961) now being grown  
blade by blade, in a North Beach windowbox...  
"When in Morocco, Smoke Kif, and dig the dif."

September 28, 1960

PART OF A LETTER from Leroi Jones:

...I got in on Cuba scene by pure chance. Some guy knew my name & he was head of something called Fair Play For Cuba Committee. So he called one morning & sd. "You wanna dig Cuba, baby?" I sd, "Si". And so it was. A ball...marvelous beyond anything I'd come on before. Now Allen & I're going back w/Peter & Oppenheimer end of Oct.

I didn't read...I was too busy seeing. Looking & moving & talking wild american desperation to all those lovely heads. I did manage to write or keep a 50 some odd page journal on the trip. Half of which is coming out in the next Evergreen Review under title "Cuba Libre". This thing describes my trip to Oriente province for july 26 celebration. There were 150,000 people at that thing everybody completely out of their minds. I didn't have any water & very little food so I stayed drunk & happy on black hot rum & giggled at everybody. Fidel & I talked long time abt sinister americans & he gave me a cigar.

2 weeks ago Allen G & I were invited up to the Hotel Theresa for that reception for Fidel & co. We & pOrlovsky had ball & Allen asked his usual nutty questions abt Marijuana...you know...but still lovely & talking to everybody again was pretty wild.

Next month, the october bit, there's supposed to be a writer's conference. Neruda, Sartre, DeBeauvoir, all those people. I met Sartre & silly bitch who was busy frinking some little dark skinned parisian so we didn't have no hot time only polite social literary gobble (which she knows next to nuthin abt.) So much for French Literature!

After Habana & environs we're supposed to go over to Guatemala to see Bob Creeley. Bug him for little while then up through Mexico to N.M. for more friends then back here to shabby palacial NYC. Bah on it!

Wd be good to see you poets. In fact why not write to Mr. Richard Gibson, president of Fair Play For Cuba Committee. He's trying to get all the young writers poets &c. interested in what's going on down there. Which, you ought to be seeing for yrself, like they say, right now. 60 East 42nd St. NYC 17.

Also, a wilder idea Fidel thought up was that a bunch of interested parties putting in a few dollars apiece for airplane fare on Cubana airlines (abt 50\$ roundtrip) could come down to Habana Christmas time, rather right after Xmas...for fabulous Carnaval scene. Everything once we got there wd be gratis.. just have to make the 50 bills for carfare. We're going, i.e. family & I, & maybe to stay. Need a few pesos to cut this atrocity loose.

Marc Schleifer's Kulchur doing entire 50 pages of journal in month or so. To give a reading once you got to Cuba wdn't be difficult at all. Place alive w/yng former exiled poets writers just returned to help Fidel. Newspaper Revolution has a literary supplement that printed a poem of mine and some of Allens. Lunes de Revolution is title. Editor of newspaper is Carlos Franqui. Editor of Literary supplement is Guillermo Infante. Very good translator there is Pablo Armando Fernandez. Also, you cd write to Casa de las Americas, 9 y Tercera, Vedado, Habana Cuba & ask abt possible readings &c. Contact Alberto Robaina...subdirector.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?????

Daniel D. Teoli Jr.  
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